

Fools Find a Child



Those fools, the Magi,
Fondly called wise,
Pursued the visible,
--A pulse of plasma light,
--As if a mere star in a dark sky
Could guide them.

In spite their folly, somehow,
They did find that child
In whom the Light unseen,
Unacknowledged, uncreated,
Insistently tarried.

They offered him costly things,
Being too foolish to know
That from that unseen light
Being itself
Had come into being.

Within that very light
Stretched Landscapes
More complete
Than space and time
Can measure,

With Beauty more deep
Than Human Tears
Can water,

And Life so abundant
So final and so full
That death's doors would shatter
Before it.

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